

THE FLAMING MONSTER

By
Palmer Thompson

CAST

Mark Trail

Cherry

Bill Hart

Rusty Lane

Colonel Snow

(Dean Turner
(Narrator

Note; Dean Turner and Bill Hart are
Real names of men at Utah State
College.

NARR: Mark Trail has been invited by the School of Forest, Range, and Wildlife Management of Utah State Agricultural College to participate and speak at the ceremonies attendant to the Utah Conservation Week. At the moment he and Cherry are in the parlor car of a train bound for Logan, Utah.

(TRAIN BACKGROUND IN)

With them is a man whom they met on the train, Colonel Fillmore Snow, an old army officer bound for Utah and retirement. Colonel Snow is a man of definite opinions.

SNOW: That's right, Trail. Livestock.. Going to be my business.

MARK: This is good country for it, Colonel Snow.

SNOW: Know it. Investigated terrain. Shelter, feed, cover, All Favorable.

MARK: The way you say it, it sounds like you're planning a military campaign, sir.

SNOW: Intentions exactly. Approaching problem, same fashion would a battle.

CHERRY: I'm afraid you'll find farming quite a bit different from the army, Colonel Snow.

SNOW: Superficially, Miss Davis, yes. Basically no.

MARK: Oh?

SNOW: Military virtues of efficiency, order, discipline...fit any field of endeavor. Know it. Going to prove it by doing it.

MARK: Good idea, Colonel. But I don't think you'll find nature an easy force to discipline.

CHERRY: It would be wonderful if you could. Just give an order and have a row of trees march to the edge of a field

CHERRY: (CONTINUED) and line up as a wind break.

MARK: Be worth seeing, Cherry.

SNOW: Wouldn't it? But that don't expect.

CHERRY: If anyone could do it, Colonel, I'm sure you're the man.

SNOW: Thanks.

MARK: Seriously though, Colonel, you'll find a lot of problems you've never met in the army. Watershed protection, fire control, and the latest headache of the west, the Halogeton weed.

SNOW: Heard of it, Poisons, Livestock, doesn't it?

MARK: That's right. I've done some work on it in Wildlife Control.

SNOW: Any of it on the range I bought, get rid of it fast.

CHERRY: I certainly hope you do sir.

MARK: Where is your place, Colonel?

SNOW: Wellsviller, Utah. About twelve miles south of Logan. Drop down if can. Like you see it.

MARK: Like to, Myself, Colonel. Providing I can.....

(TRAIN STARTS TO SLOW DOWN)

CHERRY: We're slowing down. Can we be in Logan already?

MARK: Don't think so, Cherry.

SNOW: Been here before. Taking on water. Think it's ridiculous. No reason couldn't do it in Logan.

MARK: Oh, oh long do they stop.

SNOW: Bout ten minutes.

MARK: Ten minutes. Just enough time to stretch my legs. How about it, Cherry.

CHERRY: No thanks, Mark. I'll be delicate and feminine and stay

CHERRY: (CONTINUED) Here in the parlor car.

MARK: You colonel?

SNOW: Had enough walking in the army to last ~~two~~ lifetimes.
You go. We'll just stay here and stay out of trouble.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE --

(TRAIN IDLING IN BACKGROUND)

(ESCAPING STEAM)

(WATER IN TRAIN TANK)

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

MARK: (HUMS A TUNE TO HIMSELF)

(WAY OF SPEEDING CAR FADING ON)

(CAR COMES CLOSER)

MARK: (STOPS HUMMING. WATCHES CAR)

(CAR SCHREECHES TO STOP)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL FADE ON)

MARK: Take it easy feller. Train isn't going to leave that soon.

RUSTY: (LITTLE BREATHLESS) Not trying to catch the train.
Just a man on# it. Hey!

MARK: What?

RUSTY: You're him.

MARK: Me?

RUSTY: Yes, you're Mark Trail, aren't you?

MARK: That's right.

RUSTY: Recognized you from your picture. Will you come with me, Mr. Trail.

MARK: With you? What for? Who are you? What's this all about?

RUSTY: I'm Bill Hart. Chairman of the Utah Conservation Week

RUSTY: (CONTINUED) Committee. There's been a change in plans. You're not going to be received at the station. Will you get in the car, Mr. Trail? We have to hurry.

MARK: This doesn't sound right, I....

RUSTY: There's no time to explain, Mr. Trail.

MARK: I've got plenty of time and if you're Mr. Hart, let me see some identification.

RUSTY: Okay, Mr. Trail, here's my identification. In my coat pocket.

MARK: What?

RUSTY: That's right. It's a gun. Don't make me show it. Just be smart and get in the car.....fast!.

MUSIC: - BRIDGE -

SNOW: (DIP IN) And that Miss Davis, is how the Colonel's tomatoe grew in Alaska.

CHERRY: (LAUGHING) It's a wonderful story, Colonel. You must tell it to Mark when he comes back.

SNOW: Better be getting on. Train start without him.

CHERRY: Yes, perhaps I'd better go and.....

SNOW: Look! Through window.

CHERRY: What?

SNOW: Trail walking toward auto. Redheaded man behind him.

CHERRY: But....Colonel....the man. His hand's in his coat pocket and he's prodding Mark.

SNOW: Gun, bet you. Come on!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH CAR)

(FOOTSTEPS ON METAL CAR PLATFORM)

CHERRY: Mark! Mark!

(CAR RACES OFF MIKE)

SNOW: Too late!

CHERRY: Colonel, Mark's been kidnapped!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

NARR: Mark ~~Brail~~ snatched from the train that was ~~####~~ taking him to Logan, Utah. Someone wants to prevent him from taking part in the Conservation program of Utah State College. But who, and why? We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but first....(COMMERCIAL)

NARR: Now back to Mark Trail. When the train on which Mark Trail was going to Logan, Utah stopped for a few minutes to take on water, Mark got out to stretch his legs. Cherry and Colonel Snow, a man they met on the train, stayed in the parlor car during the stop. Then as Cherry and Colonel Snow peered out the window they saw Mark being forced into a car, apparently at the point of a gun. Running to his assistance they climbed down from the train just as the car sped away.

(WAY OFF SPEEDING CAR FADES AWAY)

COLONEL: Kidnapped! This day and age!

CHERRY: Colonel, we've got to do something.

COLONEL: Yes. Conductor! He'll know where phone.

CHERRY: I'll get him.

COLONEL: Wait! Switch house. There! Must have one.

CHERRY: Let's go. We'll call the State Police.

(WAY OFF CAR FADING ON)

COLONEL: Right!

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

(CAR SPEEDS ON)

(CAR SCREECHES TO STOP)

COLONEL: Oh! Those brakes!

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

BILL: (FADING ON) Excuse me. Do you know if a man named Mark Trail is on that train.

CHERRY: Mark! Yes# he was.

BILL: Was?

COLONEL: Kidnapped. Outrageous. Saw it personally.

BILL: Rusty Lane! He did it.

CHERRY: Who are you? Do you know what this is all about?

BILL: I'm Bill Hart, Miss. Chairman of the Utah Conservation week committee. You must be Miss Cherry Davis.

COLONEL: What about Trail, car....calling police.

BILL: Oh no, not the police. Which way did the car go.

CHERRY: Down the road and around that bend.

BILL: I'll go after it.

CHERRY: Not without me.

BILL: All right, Miss Davis. Come on.

COLONEL: Foolish. Police. That's what this calls for, I'll....

(OFF TRAIN STARTS)

COLONEL: The train!

CHERRY: Colonel, you catch it. I'll go with this man. If we don't call you at the station in Logan, Utah, then you call the state police.

COLONEL: Right. Be sure to call!

BILL: You'd better run for it, Sir.

COLONEL: Make it!

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL FADE)

CHERRY: All right, Mr. Hart. Let's go.

BILL: Right! Maybe with luck we can catch up to Mr. Rusty Lane.

(TRAIN FADES OFF)

MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE _

(CAR MOTOR IN BG)

BILL: He certainly got a nice head start on us.

CHERRY: About ten minutes. Can't you.....Wait!

BILL: What is it?

CHERRY: That car about a mile down the road, coming toward us.
The blue convertible. That's the one. I know it.

BILL: Rusty Lane's.

CHERRY: You know.....

BILL: Hang on, Miss Davis. I'm going to cut across the road
and block it. He'll have to stop.

CHERRY: All right.

(TIRES SQUEAL)

(CAR SCREECHES TO STOP)

BILL: Come on, Miss Davis. Let's get out.

(CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSES)

CHERRY: Look. He's slowing down.

BILL: I was afraid he might try and cut around the shoulder
of the road.

(CAR FADING ON AND SLOWING)

CHERRY: At the wheel! That's Mark!

BILL: Mr. Trail?

CHERRY: Yes.

(CAR ON TO STOP)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

MARK: (FADE ON) Hello, Cherry.

CHERRY: Are you all right, Mark.

MARK: Perfectly. I was hoping you just thought I'd missed the
train.

BILL: But Rusty Lane? What happened to him?

MARK: Who's this?

CHERRY: Mr. Bill Hart of the Conservation Week committee.
MARK: That's what the other fellow said.
BILL: He's Rusty Lane, Mr. Trail. Where is he?
MARK: Trussed up in the back seat of the convertible.
BILL: Rusty, tied up? Oh, ho....that's good. That's rich.
He'll never live it down. Let's see him.
MARK: Come on.

(FOOTSTEPS)

CHERRY: What is this all about. Rusty? Laughing about it!
Kidnapping has always been a serious matter.
MARK: Not always, Cherry.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

MARK: Not when it's done as a college prank.
CHERRY: College prank!
BILL: Well, don't you make a pretty picture, Rusty.
RUSTY: (OFF) Hello, Bill.
BILL: Trussed up like a side of beef.
CHERRY: Will somebody tell me what this is all about?
BILL: It's simple, Miss Davis. You see Rusty Lane here is a student at the School of Engineering at Utah State and the engineers are the arch rivals of the School of Forest, Range, and Wildlife Management during conservation week. We have water fights, chalk battles and what have you.
CHERRY: Oh?
BILL: Well Rusty figured he'd steal a march on us by kidnapping our guest of honor, Mark Trail, so our reception would fall flat. I heard about it but didn't get out in time to stop it.

RUSTY: And I didn't figure on Mr. Trail.

MARK: When you're pretending a finger in your pocket is a pistol never prod a man with it. Doesn't feel the same as a gun barrel.

RUSTY: I'll remember that, Sir.

MARK: I just turned off the ignition and took the key while Rusty was driving, then a little friendly wrestling....

RUSTY: And I got tied up like this, Hows about undoing me now that I've lost.

BILL: Okay, Rusty. This will ~~####~~ teach you that you don't go fooling with foresters.

MARK: Wait a minute, Bill. I've got an idea, from my own college days.

BILL: Yes, sir.

MARK: I was supposed to be a trophy for the engineers, right.

CHERRY: Looks like it, Mark.

MARK: Well, now we've got an engineer, he'll be our trophy.

BILL: What do you mean, sir?

MARK: We'll drive back to Logan and just before we hit the school grounds we'll take Rusty out and drape him over the hood of the car like a hunting trophy.

RUSTY: Hey, wait a minute.

BILL: That's a great idea, Mr. Trail.

CHERRY: Oh, Mark.

MARK: Why not, Cherry. I did it when I went to college, as a matter of fact with an instructor in mineralogy. He looked silly as the deuce.

RUSTY: Oh now Mr. Trail, Bill, have a heart. I'll never live it down.

BILL: Good. It'll teach you not to mess with foresters again.

CHERRY: Oh, gosh. I forgot.

MARK: What, Cherry.

CHERRY: Colonel Snow, I said if I didn't call him at the Station in Logan, he was to get the police.

BILL: We'd better get to a phone and then drive back with our trophy to the college campus.

MARK: We'd better, because if I'm any judge of character, if that Colonel doesn't hear from us, he'll have the whole Army out on our trail. Let's go.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE --

(CAR MOTOR IN BG)

BILL: This is the campus, Mr. Trail. Just turn right and you'll see the School of Wildlife Management.

CHERRY: It's a beautiful campus.

MARK: Well cared for.

BILL: (UP) How are you feeling up there on that hood, Rusty.

RUSTY: (OFF) Terrible. Have a heart, Bill. Don't let the gang see me like this.

BILL: (UP) No dice, Rusty. Turn about is fair play. Straight ahead, Mr. Trail. That building that all the students are gathered in front of.

MARK: Right.

(CAR MOTOR ON)

(FADE CROWD NOISES ON)

(CROWD NOISES CHANGE TO PAUGHTER)

BILL: Okay, Mr. Trail. Pull up.

(CAR STOPS)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

BILL: Hi you, Fellers. How do you like our trophy?

RUSTY: (OFF) Aw, don't rub it in, Bill.

(CROWD LAUGHS)

BILL: Compliments of our guest of honor, Mr. Mark Trail.

(CROWD CHEERS)

CHERRY: They've certainly heard of you, Mark.

MARK: Sounds like it.

BILL: Boys, I've got to take Mr. Trail in to meet Dr. Turner.
We'll leave Rusty to your tender care.

RUSTY: (OFF) Oh, murder!

BILL: With a suggestion. The one thing the Utah Foresters
need for their rooms is an engineer stuffed~~###~~ and mounted
I suggest you peel him and stuff the clothes with straw.

(CROWD TAKES THIS SUGGESTION WITH GLEE)

RUSTY: (OFF) Hey, cut it out. Stop taking my clothes off.

MARK: Come on, Cherry. I think this is your exit cue.

CHERRY: Sounds like it.

BILL: This way, Mr. Trail. Doctor Turner will be in his
office.

RUSTY: (OFF) Not the pants, guys, not the pants!

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

BILL: (DIP IN) Mr. Trail, this is Dr. Lewis Turner, Dean
of our School of Forest, Range, and Wildlife Management.

TURNER: How do you do, Mr. Trail.

MARK: Hello, Doctor. This is Miss Davis.

TURNER: A pleasure. Well you certainly made an entrance, Mr.
Trail.

MARK: Yes, I couldn't resist a slight reversion to my college days. Hope you don't mind sir.

TURNER: Not at all, though I wouldn't want you to get the impression that Conservation Week at the college is all horse play.

MARK: I'm sure it isn't, but a little never hurts.

TURNER: With that I agree.

MARK: I think Miss Davis, disapproves.

CHERRY: I said nothing Mark.

MARK: But the look on your face. You should know by now, Cherry all men are boys at heart.

CHERRY: Yes, I'm learning that every day.

TURNER: Well, one thing Mr Trail, that entrance certainly earned you the esteem of our Student body, the Utah Foresters.

MARK: I'll try to keep it.

TURNER: I'm sure you will. Bill.

BILL: Yes, Dr. Turner?

TURNER: I imagine Mr. Trail and Miss Davis would like to rest up a bit after their journey.

CHERRY: That would be nice.

TURNER: And necessary, we've got a full schedule planned for you, Mr. Trail. You're going to see every inch of our school and program.

MARK: I'm looking forward to it, Dr. Turner.

TURNER: Good. Then we'll start on your itinerary first thing to-morrow morning from this office.

MARK: All right, Dr. Turner. See you then.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE --

(FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR)

MARK: Let's see. Ah, here's the doctor's office, Cherry.

CHERRY: I hope we're not too early.

MARK: He said morning.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

TURNER: (OFF) Right on time, Mr. Trail, Miss Davis.

MARK: Yes, Doctor. From the little we've seen of the college so far, there's a lot~~#~~ more we want to see.

TURNER: I'm very happy to hear that, Mr. Trail. This first thing on the program today is a meeting with our department heads.

MARK: Yes?

TURNER: There's Dr. Stoddart of Range Management, Dr. Sigler of Wildlife Management, and Professor Floyd of Forest Management.

MARK: I know them all, ~~###~~

TURNER: Oh?

MARK: By reputation, that is.

TURNER: Of course. Excellent men, every one of them. If you'll just.....

(OFF DOOR OPENS)

BILL: (FADING ON) Dr. Turner, I....oh Sorry Mr. Trail. Didn't realize you'd be here this early.

TURNER: What is it, Bill?

BILL: Grass fire!

MARK: Fire?

TURNER: Where?

BILL: Down at Wellsville. Rusty Lane saw it driving up to

BILL: (CONTINUED) college. Says the whole side of a mountain is ablaze.

TURNER: At this time? Early spring?

BILL: He reported it to the forest rangers, but says they'll probably need help.

TURNER: Mr. Trail, we'll have to....

MARK: Forget me, Doctor. I'll pitch in with whatever you're going to do.

TURNER: Thank you. Bill.

BILL: Yes, sir?

TURNER: Get every available student you can, engineers as well as foresters.

BILL: Right, sir. I'll shoot them down to Wellsville right away.

TURNER: Mr. Trail, you'll come with me?

MARK: Of course, Doctor. I know that cheat grass in this part of the country. Once it starts burning, there's no telling where it will stop.

MUSIC -- BRIDGE

(CAR MOTOR IN BG)

CHERRY: Just look at that pall of smoke, Mark.

MARK: It's been in view for the last two miles.

TURNER: A bad fire. No question about it.

MARK: Half the side of that mountain is already burned bare.

TURNER: And we're just coming into our rainy season. Tons of topsoil will be washed away.

MARK: Looks like you turn up ahead there, Doctor.

TURNER: Right.

(CAR TURNS)

CHERRY: Mark, did you see that?

MARK: What?

CHERRY: The name on that rural mail box, Colonel Filimore Snow.

MARK: That's right. He said his place was in Wellsville.

TURNER: You know the man who owns this acreage?

MARK: Just met him on the train. He was coming out here to retire and settle down.

CHERRY: And this has to happen to him.

MARK: We're coming to the edge of the burned area, Dr.

TURNER: I see.

CHERRY: Look, Mark. Isn't that Colonel Snow, standing over there.

MARK: Yes. He doesn't seem upset.

(CAR COMES TO STOP)

TURNER: He certainly should be.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

MARK: Come on. Let's find out how it happened, now we can help.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: Colonel Snow.

COLONEL: (OFF FADING ON) Eh? Oh, Trail. No idea you'd visit this soon.

CHERRY: Colonel the fire....

COLONEL: Beautiful isn't it.

TURNER: Beautiful? Sir, are you insane.

COLONEL: Resent that. Of course not.

MARK: But how did it start, Colonel. We've got to put it out.

COLONEL: Started it myself. Don't want it out.

TURNER: What?

CHERR: But Colonel.....

COLONEL: No danger. Had bull dozer fire ditch around field.
Won't jump ditch.

TURNER: But man, you're ruining your feed grass, your ground
cover, your watershed.

COLONEL: Also killing Halogeten weed. Field had lot of it.

MARK: Colonel, that~~##~~ isn't the way to deal with Halogeten

COLONLE: Why not? Dangerous to live stock. Poisonous. Get
rid of it the direct way.

TURNER: Sir,, all you've done.....

CHERRY: Look, Mark....the students from the college are arriving.

(LOT OF CARS PULLING UP AND STOPPING
OFF MIKE)

MARK: We'd better get to work, Dr. Turner.

COLONEL: See here....

MARK: Colonel, there just isn't time to tell you why this
is wrong, just believe us. It is, and follow our
orders.

TURNER: Mr. Trail, I'll take half of the students and try
to get the fire on the upper range of the mountains
under control.

MARK: Right, sir. Colonel. You said you had a bull dozer?

COLONEL: In that shed, but.....

MARK: Let's get it.

BILL: (FADING ON) Mr. Trail, Dean Turner sent Rusty and me
over to help you.

MARK: Good. Find burlap bags, all you can.

BILL: Right, sir.

RUSTY: What do we do with them?

MARK: Soak them in water. Get them as wet as you can.

CHERRY: Mark....

MARK: You help them, Cherry. I want every burlap bag on the place sopping wet. Come on, Colonel. Show me that bull dozer.

MUSIC:-- -- BRIDGE--

(BULL DOZER FADES ON)

(WATER HOSE PLAYING ON BURLAP BAGS)

MARK: Those bags soaking wet?

BILL: Yes, Mr. Trail

RUSTY: Where do you want them sir?

MARK: Pile them on the eninge of thâs bull dozer and over the fuâl tank.

RUSTY: Right.

MARK: Colonel, do you have a jeep on the place?

COLONEL: Have.

MARK: Good. Get it out. Throw the rest of those burlap bags in the jeep. Cherry, you stay here, try to find more and keep soaking them.

CHERRY: All right, Mark.

BILL: Now what, Mr. Trail. The wet bags are all over the bull dozer.

MARK: Climb on, you and Rusty. Grap some shavels,

RUSTY: I got them.

MARK: I'm going out and follow the line of fire with this bull dozer. We'll turn the earth back on the fire and smother. You two will walk behind me and beat out any patches of fire that escape.

RUSTY: Right, Mr. Trail. Let's go.

(BULL DOZER ENGINE UP)

MUSIC: -- SWALLOW --

(CRACKLING OF GRASS FIRE)

(BULL DOZER FADES ON)

MARK: All right, boys. Hop off and follow me.

RUSTY: Right, Sir.

MARK: Watch yourselves, in case the wind shifts.

BILL: We will.

MARK: Okay, here we go.

(BULL DOZER UP)

(EARTH BEING TURNED OVER)

(CRACKLING OF FIRE)

BILL: Rusty, there's a patch of fire overthere.

RUSTY: Got it, Bill.

BILL: Look at that Bull dozer go.

RUSTY: At this rate we'll have it out in no time.

BILL: Come on, we'd better stay closer.

(HISSING OF STEAMING BAGS)

RUSTY: Gosh, look at those burlap bags, steam.

BILL: Yeah. They'll dry out fast.

RUSTY: Where....oh, that old duffer is coming in the jeep.

BILL: Mr. Trail! Mr. Trail! You'd better back out so we can put some more wet bags on.

RUSTY: He can't hear.

BILL: They're sure drying out fast.

RUSTY: Look, one of the bags is catching fire. Right near the fuel tank.

BILL: Mr. Trail! Trail! Look out. The bags on the fuel tank are flaming. The whole thing will blow up. Mr. Trail! Look! In back of you. Flaming death!

MUSIC: -- TO COMMERCIAL

NARR: Mark Trail at the wheel of a flaming steel monster packed with sudden death. Will he hear and heed Bill Hart's warning in time. We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but first...(COMMERCIAL)

NARR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark and his friends from the Utah State Agricultural College are battling a raging grass fire on a mountain side near Wellsville, Utah. Using a bull dozer covered with wet burlap bags, Mark is plowing dirt back on the fire to smother it. Engrossed in his job he fails to notice that the bags on the fuel tank have dried out and are ablaze. Bill Hart and Rusty Lane are shouting warnings to him.

(CRACKLE OF FLAME)

(BULL DOZER ENGINE)

BILL: Mr. Trail! Trail!

RUSTY: He doesn't hear you, Bill.

BILL: There's only one thing to do then. Come on.

RUSTY: Right, we'll try to smother it.

BILL: Before it blows up.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

RUSTY: Throw dirt on it ####, Bill. I'll hammer on the bull dozer to get Trail's attention.

BILL: Right.

(DIRT THROWN ON FUEL TANK)

(SHOVEL SMACKING BULL DOZER)

MARK: (OFF) What the.....

RUSTY: The tank, Mr. Trail. Bags aflame.

MARK: (OFF) Get back you'll.....

BILL: No, just back up slowly, Mr. Trail. We'll smother the flame with dirt.

RUSTY: Keep shoveling, Bill. It's getting near the fuel tank cap.

(BULL DOZER BACKS UP)

MARK: (OFF) Watch it boys, I'm coming back.

BILL: Right, sir.

RUSTY: The flames almost out Bill.

BILL: A couple of more shovels of dirt.

(CRACKLING OF GRASS FIRS SLIGHTLY OFF)

RUSTY: There, that does it.

(BULL DOZER MOTOR IDLING)

MARK: (FADE ON) Is it out boys?

BILL: Yes, sir.

MARK: And just in time. It would have reached that cap in a few seconds.

RUSTY: Certainly close.

(JEEP FADES ON)

MARK: My fault, I should have looked back.

(JEEP STOPS)

COLONEL: (FADE ON) Here, Trail, More bags. Thoroughly soaked.

MARK: GOOD. Get the dry ones off and throw those on#

BILL: Yes, sir.

COLONEL: Saw what you boys did, Courage.

RUSTY: Ah.

MARK: Probably saved my life. You take the dry bags back Colonel, have cherry wet then down and bring out a new batch. We'll lick this fire yet.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

TURNER: Well, Mr. Trail, it's finally out.

MARK: Yes, Dr. Turner, and you can certainly be proud of your students.

CHERRY: They were wonderful.

TURNER: Thank you Miss Davis, but this field is certainly a sight.

MARK: The colonel only has himself to blame.

TURNER: I'm afraid I was considerably brusque to him, I hope it doesn't....

COLONEL: (FADING ON) ~~####~~ Heard you. Don't worry about it, sir. Used to brusqueness. But now tell. What's wrong with burying Halogeton weed. Poisonous, isn't it.

TURNER: Yes, but burying it off is a good way of helping it spread.

COLONEL: Fire won't kill it?

MARK: It'll kill it Colonel, but it will also kill your grass.

TURNER: You see, sir. The best way to control the weed, is to sow a thick stand of grass. The grass is more vigorous than the weed, so the weed dies out.

COLONEL: Made a fool of myself, eh?

CHERRY: You really can't run a farm like you would the army.

COLONEL: Definitely could. This proves it.

CHERRY: How?

COLONEL: Bad intelligence. Should have known what I was doing before I did it.

TURNER: You're right about that, sir. This fire has also ruined your water shed, unless you get right to work trenching it and seeding it.

MARK: That's right, Colonel.

COLONEL: Man seems to know what he's talking about.

MARK: Oh, I forgot you haven't even been introduced. This ~~###~~ is Dean Turner of the School of Forest, Range, and

MARK: (CONTINUED) Wildlife Management.

COLONEL: School, eh?

TURNER: That's right.

COLONEL: Well. Got a few greay hairs, but would make a good student. Mind if I enroll.

MARK: Good idea, Colonel.

TURNER: You serious, sir?

COLONEL: Certainly. Man's to old to learn, he'd to old to live, And got a lot of years of life ahead of me.

MARK: With that attitude you certainly have colonel. No man is ever to old to study the problem of conservation of our nations resources.

MUSIC: -- CURTAIN